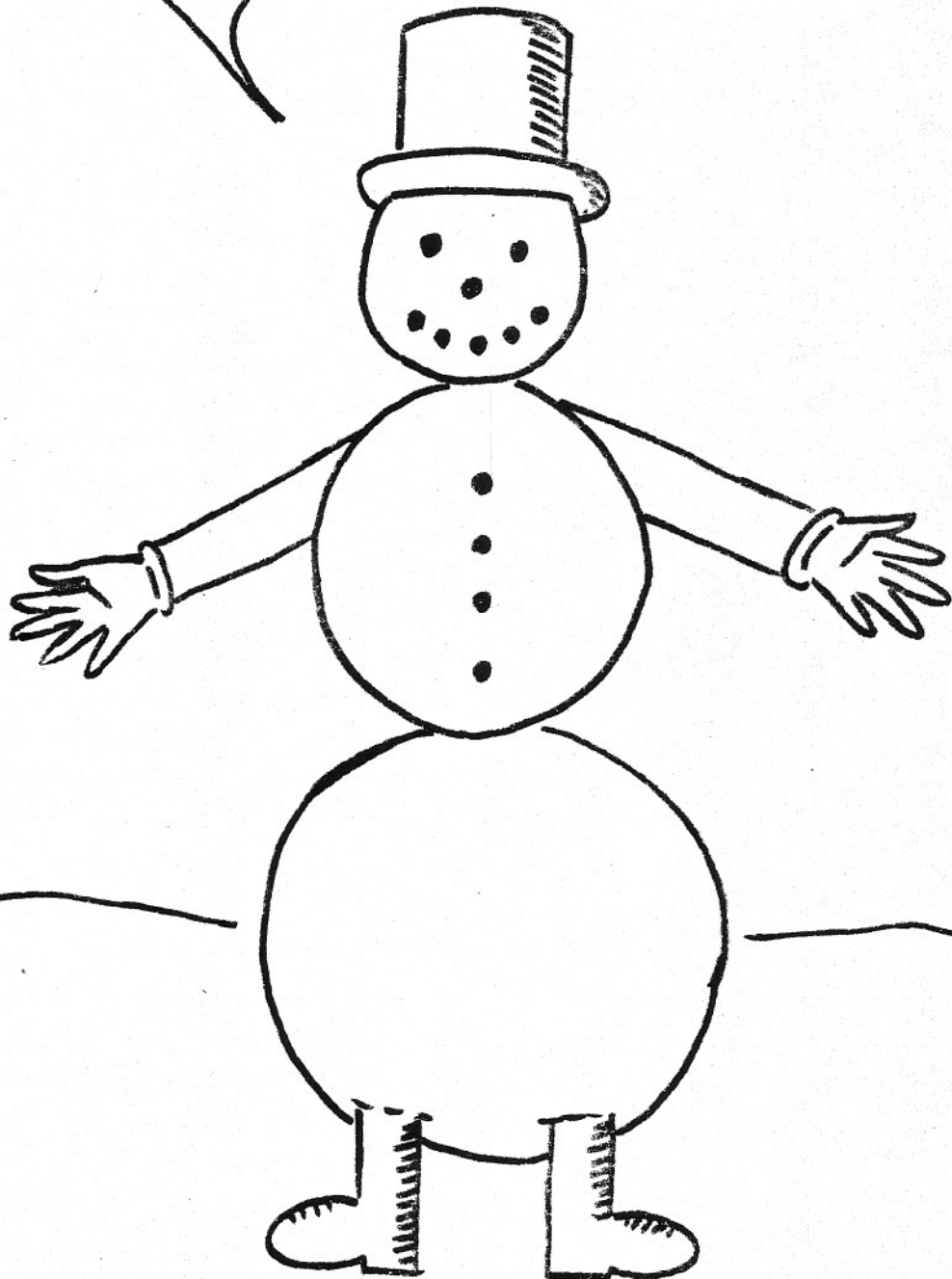


THIS IS THE
CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF
BRUCE'S FUNZINE.





Actor: I'm sick of acting on television. All I get are stupid parts.
Director: That's the trouble with being type-cast.

Mailman: A dog bit my leg this morning.
Mailman's wife: Did you put anything on it?
Mailman: No, he liked it just like it was.

Customer: Your dog seems to like to watch you cutting hair.
Barber: Oh, it isn't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear.

Gertrude: I spend hours in front of my mirror, admiring my beauty. Is that vanity?
Bertha: No, it's imagination.

Man: I used to be a 90-pound weakling. When I went to the beach a bully would kick sand in my face.
Friend: What did you do about it? Sign up at a health gym?
Man: No I invested my money and now I have my own private beach.

Waiter: May I help you with that soup sir?
Slob: What do you mean; I don't need any help.
Waiter: Sorry. From the sound, I thought you might wish to be dragged ashore.

George: I finally stopped my brother from biting his nail.
Georgina: How?
George: I made him wear shoes.

Harry: What is it that hangs on the wall, is green, wet-and whistles?
Larry: I give up.
Harry: A herring.
Larry: A herring? A herring doesn't hang on the wall!
Harry: So hang it there.
Larry: Well, a herring isn't green.
Harry: So paint it.
Larry: But a herring isn't wet.
Harry: If it's just painted, it's still wet.
Larry: But a herring doesn't whistle!
Harry: Right. I just put that in to make it hard.

Fred: Where do moths dance?
Fredrica: At a moth ball.

Man: Doctor, you've got to help me. I can't sleep. My wife has a pet goat. She keeps it in our bedroom. The smell keeps me up all night.
Doctor: Why don't you open the window?
Man: What? Then all my pigeons would fly away!

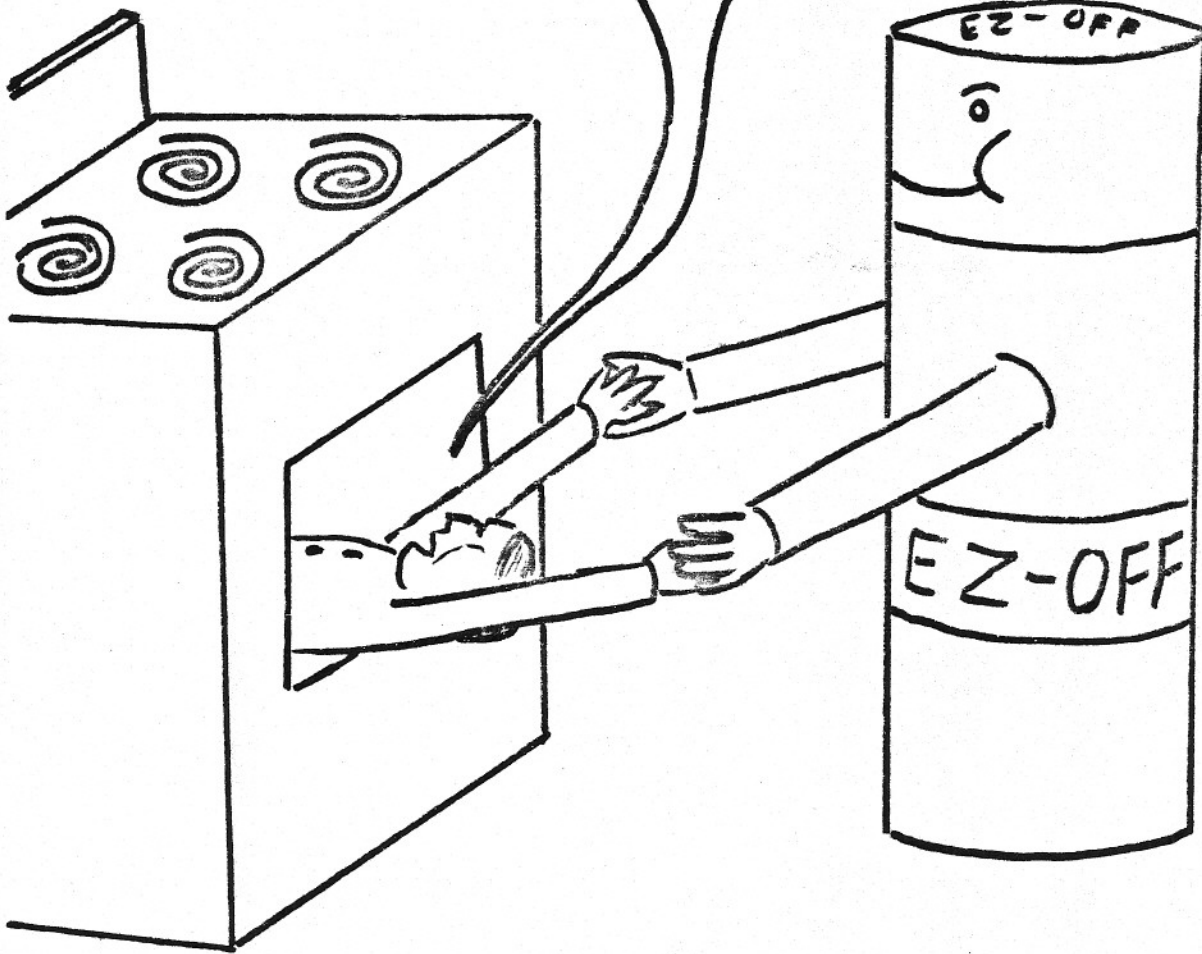
MAZE



(COMMERCIAL)

EZ-OFF GETS YOU
OUT OF THE OVEN
FASTER

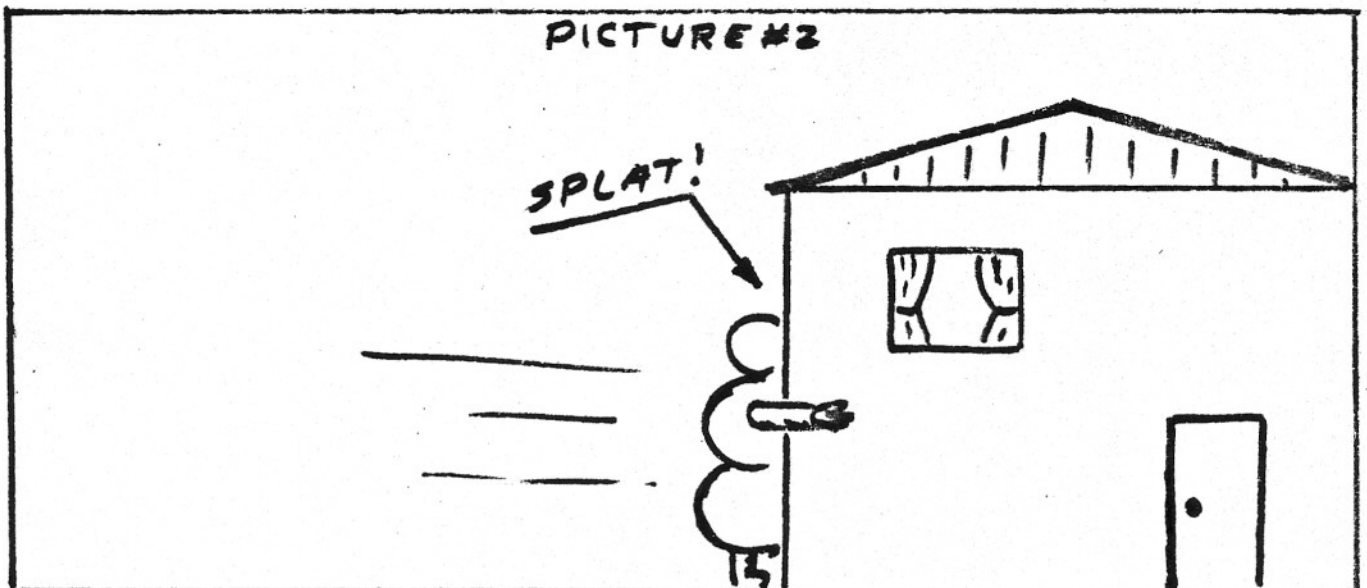
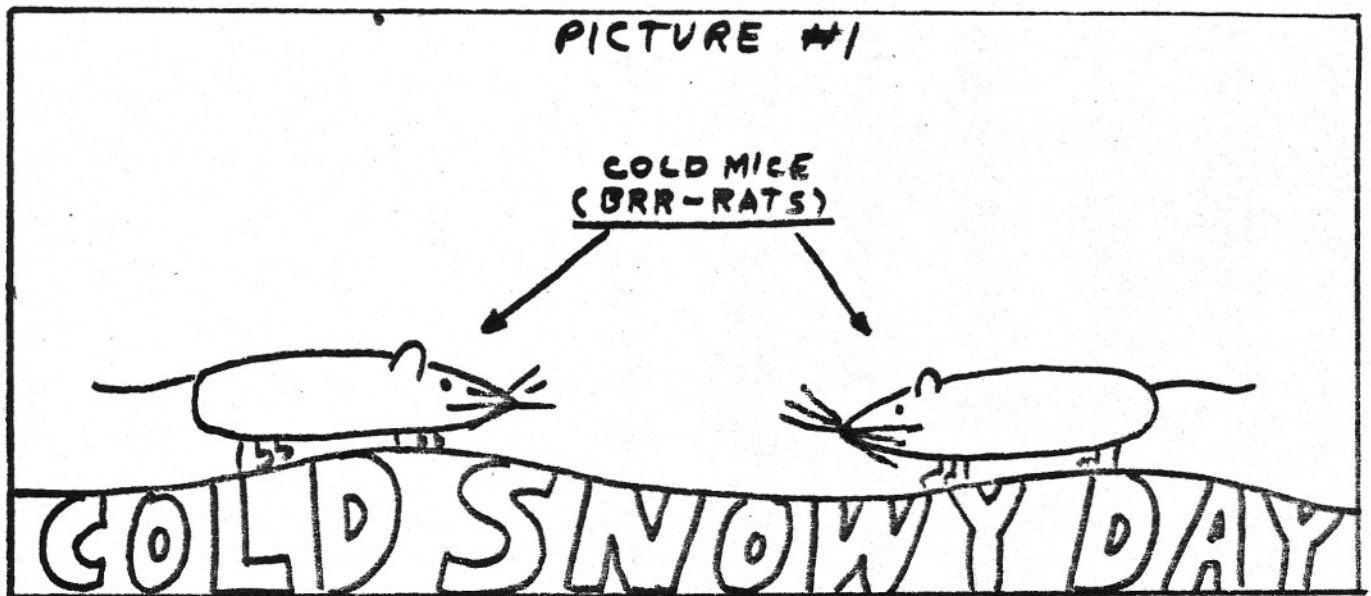
GET ME OUTA
HERE!



FROSTY THE SNOREMAN

A bunch of brats were playing on a cold snowy day. (See picture below) They decided to build a snowman. So they went out and took parts of other peoples snowmen, and built a snowman out of the parts. As soon as the snowman was built, he came alive. I don't know why, it just happened that way. Anyway the snowman was lazy, but besides that he had another problem; The Brats who had built him were going to dissect him to find out what made him tick. Of course they had forgotten about the clock they had put inside him. So Frosty decided to run away from them.

Finally after running for many days; he became tireder than tired. So he ran into a house, (See second picture below), and fell asleep on a table. Unfortunately he also fell asleep on a toaster. At this point in the story we could call Frosty Melton the Toaster, except for the fact that Pop Tarts has already patented that name. Well what happened to Frosty is obvious, but everyone knew he was a drip anyway.



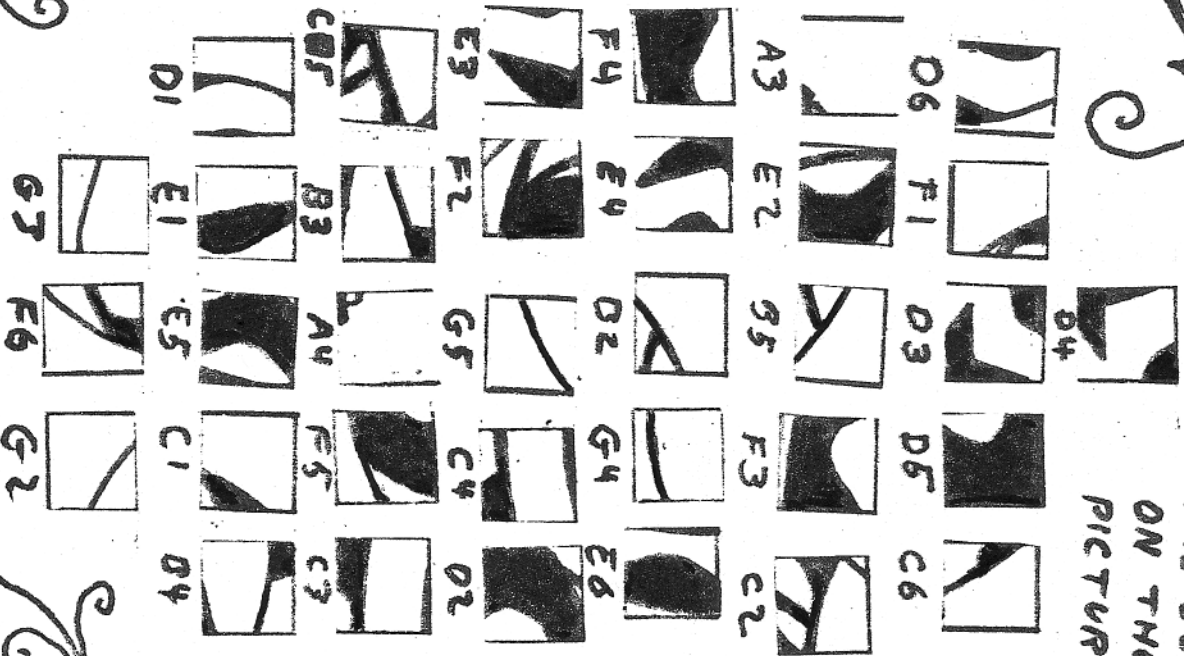
(CARTOON CHARACTER OF THE MONTH)

EEYORE



DRAW-GRAM

DRAW THE PARTS OF THE PICTURE FROM THE LEFT IN THEIR CORRESPONDING SQUARES ON THE RIGHT. THE RESULT WILL BE A PICTURE OF SOMETHING YOU MAY SEE THIS CHRISTMAS.



	A						
	B						
	C						
	D						
	E						
	F						
	G						
		1	2	3	4	5	6

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

My brilliant grandson was so intrigued with your first edition that he asked how he could become an editor. I hoped you could take the time to explain to my darling Fauntleroy just what education is required to start him on the proper path to this exciting career.

Thank You,

Mrs. Whoosis
101 Dreamer's Lane
29 Palms, Calif.

WELL IT'S LIKE THIS; FIRST OF ALL YOU NEED TO HAVE MADE IT THROUGH THIRD GRADE IN SCHOOL. NEXT YOU SHOULD TAKE A COURSE ON HOW TO BE STUPID INTELLIGENTLY. ALSO YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO USE A STAPLER AND A COPYING MACHINE. I MUST ADMIT THOUGH THAT IT TOOK ME ALMOST THREE MONTHS TO LEARN HOW TO USE THE STAPLER. SO GET BUSY AND LEARN THESE VERY IMPORTANT TALENTS. I MUST WARN YOU THOUGH THAT BEING AN EDITOR IS A VERY DANGEROUS JOB. ALREADY THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE FOR SOME OF THE THINGS THAT I SAID IN MY LAST ISSUE. ALSO MY THUMB IS IN BAD SHAPE BECAUSE EVEN IF I AM VERY CAREFUL ABOUT USING MY STAPLER I STILL GET JABBED EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. SO GOOD LUCK FAUNTLEROY.

Dear Sir,

I would like to thank you greatly. Your magazine has already proved to be a great help in our household. You saved my son from a great tragedy. He was cleaning his hamster cage and found out that he didn't have any more hamster litter. What do you put in your magazine anyway? It sure does kill odors.

Miss Hamila
202 Sleeper's Drive
48 Palms, Calif.

THANK YOU FOR THE ENCOURAGING LETTER.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE HONOR OF HAVING YOUR LETTER PRINTED IN BRUCE'S FUNZINE, WRITE:

BRUCE'S FUNZINE
10149-A GOULD ST.
RIVERSIDE CALIF.
